

Suggestions for Tasty Costumes Becoming to Mother and Children, Mistress and Maid—How a "Peach of a Girl" Manages to Look Bright and Keep a Rosy Complexion—A Darling Bit of Frivolity.



The maid is as picturesque in her way as her charges. She wears a simple dress of black, wide, turned-back white collar and cuffs and a long black-silk apron. Her cap is also of black silk, mob-shaped, with long ties reaching half the length of her skirt. Considering that the maid is a pretty "Mamzelle," with a slightly combed hair and ruddy hair, the glances in her direction are not to be wondered at.

The next picture is far less pretty. The gown is seen afar off, and noted by all, for it is not the new shade of green, and is not in

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

ARTHA still earned on



Thaddeus had never given Martha an angry word, even when he knew what credence she gave to gossiping tongues that had told her about Mary; he had dearly loved the little baby, and had sorely grieved because his wife was so cruelly hard and unforgiving.

Back From His Uncle's.
(From *Tid-Bits*.)

When early spring stole softly to this shore,
I gave to thee a very glad farewell;
I vowed that I would see thee nevermore,
Thy charms were gone and broken was the spell.
We meet again, and warm is thy embrace,
Ah, broken pride! Still on thee must I dote;
Believe me, none has come to take thy place—
My old, last winter's overcoat!

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make your daughter a woman like yourself, unlovin', unforgivin', untrue."
"How dare you!"—her face blanched and working; "me unlovin' and untrue!"
"To your husband."
She ran to him; she raised her hand almost as though she would strike him.
"You wretch!" she said. "John Oroll's told you what I done told him. An' this is

ABOUT THE POLITICIANS.

Bits of Conversation Overheard in Public



Complications of Justice.
[From the Milwaukee Sun.]

"Jim Richardson, am yer guilty of feloniously an' unceremoniously an' premeditationously stealing Sam Weasel's chickens widout askin' his per-

"ah," replied the prisoner, "I n

"Well, Boss, I didn't take 'em. Another nigger stoled dem all, an' he gin me haf of what he got for gwine 'long an' holdin' de lantern. But,

"Good-bye!" he said. "Of course I'm to blame. I can't say any more. But I forbid you to keep our daughter from the man she loves. If you do I will tell her who I am—maybe she will love me when she knows my story."

She laughed at this, following him up as he walked toward the steps of the porch:

"What brought you here?"

"The love of two young hearts," he answered. "Let me go; if I stayed I'd tell my

e, you couldn't hire a respectable nigger like

company is very particular with regard to its live stock, and it would not do to show any lame or broken-down horses on the street. When a horse is no more use to the company, as has been said, it is sold. The prices usually brought are from \$25 to \$35 apiece.

SONGS FOR A CENT

How the Public Gets Its Cheap Meals

Unkind.
[From the Philadelphia News.]

YORKSHIRES HAVE THE CALL

But Fashionable Ladies Also Lean Towards



disposition. It has made him less heavy in appearance, given him longer legs, and made him cross and surly in disposition and treacherous even toward his own master. In a word, he has acquired the characteristics of the mastiff and berghund, and instead of being governed by an instinct to save and protect life, as is natural to the St. Bernard, is actually fitted to destroy life, for he is fierce and ill-tempered and will attack anyone, even to little children, if they happen to come in his way. The importation of some of the pure

way. The importation of some of the pure-bred dogs from Switzerland during the past few years has shown the American public what the St. Bernard really is, and now everyone is trying to breed them. For watchdogs and pets universal opinion pronounced

Briefs from Baltimore Hospital

1 Saturday, Junkermann's first appearance.
INSPECTOR BRAEZIG.
Monday, Boetel Troubadours.

92D STREET TABERNACLE

in their latest success,
THE HUMMING BIRD.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
 Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c.
 Wed. **MR. and MRS. MCKEE BARKIN** [Sat.
 Mat. **IN THE GOLDEN GIANT.** [Mon.
 Next week—CLARA MORRIS.

IT WASN'T A NIGHTMARE.

But a Genuals Pickpocket, as Mr. Sullivan

Dan—Yes, sir. The magnificent display of police and military, the enthusiasm of the vast crowds, the —

The President—Certainly, certainly; that was all well enough, but what I mean is, that I wasn't kissed by any red-headed woman with a violent breath, and nobody dred pancakes at us. I think I should like to live in Chicago—after 1900, of course.

He Liked the Town.

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